

Old Man!

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Interviews of a Japanese Schoolboy

Wallace Irwin.

Hashimura Togo Enjoys Slight Shudders as He Secures the Views of Hon. Chas. W. Eliot on Matters Close to the Latter's Heart.

To Editor Sunday Star, who are so smart he can tell a Famous Man by his teeth.

Dear Sir:—Yesterday I arrived to N. Y. city, N. Y., where Great Men is so frequent to be met that Japanese Schoolboy can't scarcely go ride in taxi-cab without being arrested for running over Hon. John Drew or some other international name. This are good place for me.

While promenading carelessly thither & hither I notice one sky-scratched Dept Store with enormous sign "EVERYBODY COMES TO OUR GREAT FRIDAY SALE." I feel joy for this. O surely, if everybody come there, this would be appropriate place to go and meet Hon. Wm. Jenny Bryan or Hon. Jim Jeff or some other famous knock-out who might interview me for all American papers. Who knows what you might find in a Dept Store if you look long enough?

So with immediate quickness I elope to this great Bldg which was filled with furious suffragettes buying calico from stylish lady Sellers with bold hair. Riots, stampedes & election-day noises was noticed at Tooth Brush Counter & Muslim Curtain Dept; but what male men I seen was merely there to hang packages on. And none of them acted sufficiently famous to interview. Great disappointment enjoyed by me.

Of suddenly one Walking Gent approach to my elbow & require with Tuxedo voice, "What wishing, if anything?"

"If possibly," I relapse, "I should like to buy some neat Guide Book telling how to find Hon. Pierpont Morgan or some other useful New Yorker residing in America."

"Book Department twelve floor upwards take elevator step lively & get off!" snatched out this officer with breath and wheel away before I can ask any intelligent answer. So I am dragged to Elevator with other Ladies. Quick rosh inside, wildly up-shot, loud bang-door. "Twelve floor, literature dept. get out!" yell Hon. Operette. So I do so, thank you, and next I know I was standing face to face with great thoughts of Shakespeare, Dante, Milton & Jas Whitcomb Riley associated together in huj sky-scrape piles & bossed over by 2 lady Sellers who was talking of Coney Island. Pile of Shakespeare was marked "Our Price 38c," pile of Dante was marked "Inferno Gone Down to 19c," and top of one lofty pyramid of red vols was sign "Keats Cut in Two, Now 25c."

I knew that Keats poet led a sad life, but never previously did I realize how sad it was!

I was nervously preparing my brain to ask one of them lady Sellers why it cost 98c for "3 Weeks" when I could get entire "Inferno" for 19c—but this reply never arrived, because I seen Somebody approaching around corner what filled me with Harvard feelings & extreme banzai of literary excitement. By his air of reflexions, his scholarship eyeglasses, his sweet, gentle & be-9 expression, I knew at once that it was Dr. Chas. W. Eliot, champion bookshelf of America!

I remove my straw derby & smooth my necktie like a reporter. This great Eliot man come nearer to one of them lady Sellers & require gently.

"Kindly, please, I should like a book name of 'Macbeth.'"

Hon. Lady Seller look to other Lady Seller next by her & require.

"Mamie, dear, girl friends, have we

got a Book name of 'Macbeth' piled up here?"

"Say not!" dib this Mamie Lady with voice. "Macbeth are not a Book—it are a lampchimney—go to basement dept for crockeries, kitchenettes & other glassware."

Sad expression for Dr. Eliot. "O Mr. Sir Prof." I negotiate stepping forthly, "before going there would you kindly to answer 70 or 80 hard questions about any New Religion you have arranged?"

Hon. Eliot stand patiently. "Since I got job to be the World's Quick Lunch Librarian," he say sadly, "I often look forwards to Future Life with worried expression. On other side of River Sticks must be several mad Literary Ghosts asking why they didn't get into that Five Foot Shelf. Think of Shakespeare, Dickens & Jules Verne setting on the wharf expecting to make Hades uncomfortable for the Person what gave them such immortal snubs!"

I enjoy slight shudders. "Not since Hon. Wad McAllister made 400 Chosen People," he report, "have one man had such delicate job to pick out a truly smart Set that would please both Republican & Democratic newspapers. No wonder I must invent a New Religion full of cheer-up!"

"Will this Religion be hammered down to one small shelf, also?"

"More lesser than that!" he offer. "If Education take five feet, Religion should take five words: 'Be Good and You'll Behave.'"

"Will you?" I require britley.

"O sure will!" he report. "Good behavior are a symptom of a laundered heart. When folks gets New Religion there won't be no Tammany Hall, because Tammany Hall would be something else if it behaved itself. Like-wise to this Dr. Wiley & Agriculture Wilson would make sweethearts smiles over perfectly pure bottles of tomato catsup; Hons. Pinehot & Ballanger would meet for joy picknick in wooden forests and that punch fight between Hon. Jim & Hon. Jon Jonsen (colored) must be call-off because nobody would hate each other sufficiently for knock-outs."

I enjoy great disappointment to hear this news.

"Would this New Religion also make baseball impossible to do because of wicked thoughts enjoyed by all when Hon. Home Team is bursted?" I asked frightfully.

"When everybody is good baseball will not be required," he snuggests.

"O not!" I reproach. "Then how will human persons get some fun when this New Religion is shot off?"

"By practicing good deeds," says Hon. Doc. "Being good are like learning to ride a bicycle; at firstly you are always colliding into brewery wagons & receiving bumptious elbows by this. Soft swares for you. But pretty soon you become more skillful in these wheels; you begin sliding with soft-soap feeling ore hill & dale; all Nature whistles and you say with smiling teeth, 'O so glad I have come!' Complete Goodness brings similar happiness to this."

"Then would you class goodness with other sporty exercises?" I request.

"Certainly do!" he offer. "Numerous persons now thinks it is not amusing to be Good. How truthful! Nobody doubt, the Hon. Auntie Comstock are good, do they? And yet he are one of the most amusing Individuals now performing in this kingdom."

"S'posin, please," are nex ques-

tion for me, "s'posin that some great King like Hon. Roosevelt should get this New Religion & put it in the Republican Party, so that all Politicians must be Good or else get out. What would happen?"

"It would be a big Democratic year, I acknowledge," repose Hon. Eliot with weeping eyebrows.

I change off from this sad topik to more cheer-up conversation.

"What class of Persons do you consider will be most benefitted by that Bookshelf?" I commence.

"Sailors," he narrate. "Why-so is?" I peruse.

"Because-so," he talk away. "It is proved by statistics that Sailors is more often shipwrecked than anybody else. It have always been the custom of Sailors enjoying shipwreck to grab the first book they can see & swim for some desert island. In such hasty excitement it are difficult to choose carefully. In this morning's news-print I read a very sorrowing story of how a Sailor had just been picked off a desert isle which was inhabited only by lobsters. During 11 complete years he had ate nothing but raw lobsters & read nothing but 'Thelma' by Marie Corelli. When they found him he was kicking like a horse. His mind had went."

"Do raw lobsters thusly destroy the brain?" I ask out.

"Raw lobsters!" he dib. "It were not raw lobsters but raw Corelli that driv that Sailor to state of raging driv. Could you or me or any other educational person read 'Thelma' for 11 years without feeling like a idiot?"

I answer by no reply.

"Consequence is," he deranged, "that U. S. Govt have took hold of this case & a Law shall soonly be passed that 21 gunboats must travel to Pacific ocean every year; and every time they see a desert island they must leave there following groceries: 6 cans condensed milk 12 bxs waterproof bread 1 student lamp 1 Morris chair 1 set Eliot's Educated Bookshelf 1 hammer to open it with."

"When this happen," says he, "any Sailor coming home from shipwreck in crazy condition won't have nobody to blame but himself."

"How many miles of Literature did you read before choosing them Books?" I intrude.

"There is no Literary Speedometer invented," nag forth this Great Man. "But I am sure I have read every Literary Crime that has happened since Foolishness was discovered by Mr. & Mrs. Adam."

"Do you think a Author what write a bad Novel should go to jail?"

"This do not stop the crime," he explode sadly. "Many criminals learns to write in jail. Look at Harry Thaw."

"In China," I report, "it have long been the custom to take Authors whot won't quit & cut off their hands."

"Useless in America," collapse Doc. "Already many of our Magazine stories is being written by footpower."

"How then would you punish criminal Authors what refuse to reform?"

"I should lock them away in some Insane Institution," he relapse.

"What Insane Institution would you suggest, please?" I require.

"The Carnegie Library," corrode this Eliot Man. And when next I seen him he were approaching the Tinware Dept. in the basement.

Hoping you are the same.

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

THE CORRECT THING IN VISITING CARDS

Visiting cards for women vary but slightly from season to season. As a rule the cards used by married women are larger than those adopted by unmarried women. The material and quality of the card should be the best. Pure white bristol board of medium weight, with the surface polished, not glazed, and with the name engraved thereon in black ink are the distinguished features of cards used in good society.

Block, script and old English lettering are all fashionable types for the engraving of the present visiting cards. Beveled or gilded edges, crests, or any decoration and engraving beyond the name, address, and day at home do not evince taste or a knowledge of the nicest social customs.

Cards of the most approved type give the full Christian name or names, if there is more than one, as well as the surname. It is more modish, for example, to have the inscription read, "Mrs. Howard Williams Steele," than "Mrs. Howard W. Steele;" "Miss Agnes Clark Cornell," than "Miss Agnes C. Cornell;" and unmarried women, as a rule, forbear the use of diminutives, such as "Bessie, Polly, and Maggie," an their calling cards.

The senior matron of the oldest branch of a family may, if she pleases, drop her husband's Christian name from her cards and let the card read simply, for example, "Mrs. Everhart;" and her eldest unmarried daughter is entitled to omit her own Christian name and use a card reading, for example, "Miss Everhart."

When, however, there are several families of the same name in a city or community, all mingling more or less in one circle of society, this is apt to

create confusion in the minds of their friends and the best course is not to omit the identifying Christian names.

A widow is privileged either to retain her husband's Christian name on her card, or to substitute for it her own; as, for example, the widow of Guy Roberts Benson may have her cards read either "Mrs. Guy Roberts Benson," or "Mrs. Mary Louise Benson."

But it is the fashion at present for a widow to use her maiden surname with the surname of the deceased; as, for example, "Mrs. Granger Benson," Mrs. Benson's maiden name having been Granger.

"Junior," or the contraction "Jr.," is sometimes added to the name on the card of a woman whose husband bears the same name as his father, in order to give a distinguishing mark between the cards of mother-in-law and daughter-in-law. If the mother-in-law, in such an instance, should lose her husband, and at the same time wish to retain his baptismal names upon her card, she must then add the explanatory abbreviation "Sr.," while her daughter-in-law erases the "Jr." from hers.

A woman who is divorced erases at once from her card the Christian name of the name who was her husband. If she retains the use of his surname she joins with it either her own Christian or her own surname, as she prefers.

When after a legal annulment of her marriage a woman resumes her full maiden name she prefixes to it on her cards the title "Mrs.," not "Miss."

During her first season in society a young woman does not, if her mother has introduced her and is her chaperon and companion, use a card of her own. Her name is coupled on a large card with and below that of her mother. It is presumed that during her first season the greater number of the calls a young woman pays will be in company with her mother, and so the joint card is the fittest. If she pays calls alone she employs the same card but runs a pencil line through her mother's name.

If the next season a younger sister is introduced, or if two sisters enter society in the same season, below the

mother's name the daughters would be designated thus: "The Misses Hamilton."

After her first season a young woman uses her own card when calling alone; but she does not indicate on it any day at home if her mother is an active hostess who issues her own cards every season and receives with her daughters.

The name of a day of the week is engraved in the left-hand lower corner of the visiting card—"Fridays, Tuesdays, Saturdays," as the choice may be—if one wishes to signify to her friends and acquaintances that on a special afternoon of every week, after 3 and until 6 o'clock, she will be prepared to receive their calls.

The Chevy Chase caddies are still chuckling over a story about President Taft. The President, one afternoon, played rather badly. He turned to his caddy, after he had fozzled a drive, and said in his genial way: "This isn't a pleasant spectacle for you, I'm as bad as a Scotch laird at St. Andrews. The St. Andrews caddies are all old men, and one day when this laird was in especially bad form, his caddy, after nine holes of missed shots and putts, shook his gray old head, surrendered the laird's bag of clubs to another caddy, and said: 'Ye'll no mind, laird? I made but a poor breakfast this mornin' and I'm no in a condition to stand any mair o't.'"

A commuter hired a Swedish carpenter to repair some blinds on the outside of his house. During the day the commuter's wife looked after things, and once or twice came out to see if the man was getting on all right. "Is there anything you need, Mr. Swen?" she asked, on her second trip. The carpenter gulped once or twice, but made no reply. The lady repeated the question. Again a gulp and no answer. "Why don't you answer me, sir?" said the lady, indignantly. The Swede turned and looked down at her gravely. "My mou't is full of sgrews," he said, "I can not speag until I swaller some!"

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